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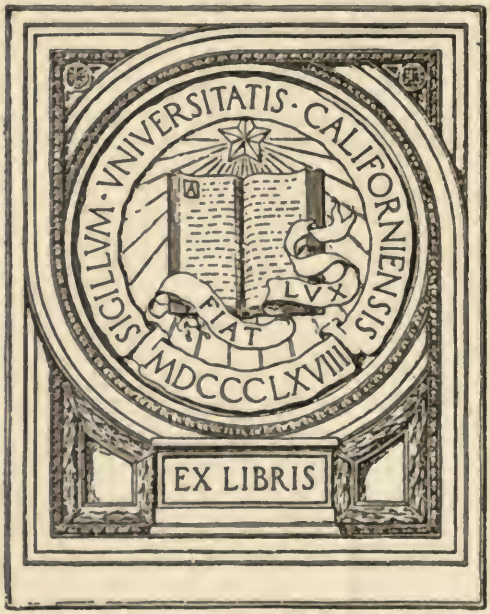

S/C has

. . . Warring impulses
Shall strive for mastery within
Man's soul,
And fierce shall be the struggle; but
when Man
Shall rise up in his might and cast
from him
All lust for gold in that it represents
But fruitless vanities, content to use
Its power for nobler ends, then Man
shall know
Himself. . .

—DESTINY

GOLD ~ A Forest Play ~ The Book by Frederick S. Myrtle ~ The Music by H. J. Stewart

Being the Thirty-ninth Annual High Jinks of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, and the Fourteenth Grove Play, presented by members of the Club at the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma County, on the evening of August twelfth, Nineteen Hundred & Sixteen

San Francisco, Bohemian Club, MCMXVI

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FOREWORD

GOLD is an imaginative play based upon a symbolical theme which is presented, in part by historical figures, in part by supernatural presences.

In the treatment of this theme gold is symbolized as a substance planted in the earth and nurtured by Nature to fulfill a settled purpose, that of aiding Man in the development of civilization and the upbuilding of empire; and the author has connected his story with California by drawing upon an interesting chapter of the early history of that State. In doing this no attempt has been made to follow strictly the lines of historical accuracy, nevertheless the action is woven around actual events and in the character of the Comandante is to be recognized a well-known historical figure, Don Juan Bautista de Anza.

The Spanish soldier and the Franciscan friar are generally revered as men of noble purpose who blazed the trail for those adventurous spirits of a later period to whom we owe the California of today; and surely none is more worthy of honor than Anza, the intrepid commander who led the first successful expedition overland from Sonora into Alta California, reaching the Golden Gate and establishing the presidio and mission of San Francisco. To quote Mr. Zoeth S. Eldredge, whose work, *The Beginnings of San Francisco,* inspired the historical setting of the play:

> Few are the citizens of San Francisco who have ever heard the name of Juan Bautista de Anza, its founder. Yet he was a gallant soldier, and he executed with courage, energy and fidelity the task entrusted to him by his king, of bringing across deserts and over high sierras the settlers for a city whose destiny neither king nor captain could imagine.

164721

Gold was discovered in California some three-quarters of a century after the arrival of the Spanish settler; nevertheless its presence there was known to the native Indians and proclaimed by Spanish historians ages before. Montalvo, writing in the sixteenth century, described California as an island inhabited by a race of Amazons and abounding in gold and precious stones.

The entire action of the play, then, is set in a Californian forest, on the coast, at no great distance from the Golden Gate.

In the prologue, gold is planted, as a seed in the ground, by the fairy inhabitants of the region for the purpose of destroying, through its baneful lure, the race of mortals whose approaching invasion of their kingdom has been revealed to them; and in the play which follows this lure is exerted, centuries later, upon the Spaniard, to the threatened destruction of his expedition in the cause of God and King. Threading through the entire story there is an unceasing struggle between two warring spirits, Good Impulse and Evil Impulse. These spirits strive to invest gold, each with its characteristic influence, and the first conflict, which takes place in the prehuman period, is won by evil; but when the contest is renewed among the mortals the ultimate victory goes to the beneficent spirit, so that Man is left free to carry out the really noble purpose of his existence, gold being given him to employ toward the betterment of things spiritual as well as material.

The fundamental ideals of Bohemianism as represented by the Bohemian Club are revealed in the final adjustment by the introduction of spirits of Art, who through the agency of the dominant sym-

bolical figure, Destiny, are made the inheritors and disseminators of earth's treasures for the general good of humanity.

It has been a great pleasure to collaborate with so distinguished a musician as Dr. H. J. Stewart, of whose talent the Bohemian Club has availed itself on many previous occasions. Dr. Stewart has illustrated the author's theme most strikingly and with a skill entirely worthy of his high reputation as a composer.

The author desires also to express his gratitude to the many personal friends and fellow-members of the Bohemian Club who have assisted, in various ways, in the production of his play upon the stage in the Bohemian Grove. In the capacity of stage director Mr. William H. Smith, Jr., has given the play the benefit of his experience of years in Grove productions, which, taken with all his exceptional energy and resourcefulness, sets a value upon his services that cannot be over-estimated. In collaboration with him Mr. Edward J. Duffey, master of illumination, has brought into play a very complete technical knowledge enhanced by years of thoughtful study of the Grove hillside and its possibilities.

A special word of appreciation is due Mr. Maynard Dixon for his costume designs, which must inevitably add distinction to whatever effects of spectacular beauty may be attained in the presentation. These designs are the result not only of his artistic skill but, also, of historical research, so that they have a significance apart from their mere pictorial value.

Mr. Frank Van Sloun contributed the cover design for this book, delightful in conception and

beautiful in execution, in which three symbolical figures, Destiny and the two "Impulses," are represented.

The appropriate decorations in black and white throughout the book were designed by Mr. Dan Sweeney.

To each and all the members of the cast the author expresses sincere thanks for their loyal and unselfish co-operation which has made possible the presentation of the play in manner worthy of the best traditions of the Bohemian Club.

FREDERICK S. MYRTLE.

San Francisco, August, 1916.

CONTENTS

Foreword . . . . . *Page* v

Cast of Characters xi

Prologue 3

The Play 17

The Music 55

Note on Preceding Grove-Plays 60

ILLUSTRATIONS

Reproductions in color of costume designs by
L. MAYNARD DIXON:

Tree-Spirit—Woodland King—Satyr, *Facing page* 3

Brook-Spirit—Cave-Spirit 9

Evil Impulse—Destiny—Good Impulse 17

The Friar Superior—The Comandante—Jovial Friar 25

Soldier—The Sergeant—Mutineer 33

Camp-Tender—Indian—Muleteer 41

Music—Vision—Literature 49

The colored cover by FRANK VAN SLOUN

The decorations in black and white by
DAN SWEENEY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE

Woodland King . . . . . Charles K. Field
A Tree-Spirit . . . . . Harold K. Baxter
A Brook-Spirit . . . . . Francis Bruguiere
A Cave-Spirit . . . . . Herbert Heron
A Satyr . . . . . William Leib
Destiny . . . . . Raymond Benjamin
Good Impulse . . . . . Fred. L. Berry
Evil Impulse . . . . . B. P. Miller

Tree-Spirits: E. D. Hackett, E. E. Chase, R. I. Bentley, Jr., Clarkson Crane, Dana McEwen, Philip Finnell, Carl Mooser, Harold Black.

Brook-Spirits: George Hammersmith, John E. Bohm, Harvey R. Olds, Leslie Cupples, R. H. Manley, E. E. Jones, Donald R. Baker, Fred. B. Davis, O. G. Lawton.

Cave-Spirits: Harris Allen, James Bowen, O. A. Hind, C. Therkelsen, J. F. Sheehy, Paul C. Adams, Mark White, A. J. Hayes.

Satyrs: William Leib, J. D. Fletcher, George Leib, J. D. Hartigan, A. V. Thompson, George H. Stoddard, F. A. Corbusier.

THE PLAY

The Comandante . . . . . Douglas Brookman
The Friar Superior . . . . . Richard M. Hotaling
The Lieutenant . . . . . Austin W. Sperry
The Sergeant . . . . . E. Courtney Ford
First Soldier . . . . . J. Wilson Shiels
Second Soldier . . . . . Dion Holm
Third Soldier . . . . . H. B. Johnson
Fourth Soldier . . . . . I. O. Upham
Fifth Soldier . . . . . William Olney
A Young Soldier . . . . . C. F. Bulotti
A Friar . . . . . Henry A. Melvin
A Corporal . . . . . A. Y. Wood
An Indian . . . . . F. A. Corbusier
Destiny . . . . . Raymond Benjamin
An Angel . . . . . Harold K. Baxter

FRANCISCAN FRIARS: C. A. Case, W. A. Mitchell, Easton Kent, W. E. Hague, E. Leslie Taylor, L. A. Larsen, H. L. Perry, Henry A. Melvin.

SOLDIERS: H. C. Allen, A. A. Arbogast, R. M. Battison, E. Blanchard, E. G. Burland, P. S. Carlton, E. D. Crandall, W. W. Davis, T. G. Elliott, C. E. Engvick, C. J. Evans, G. Farley, R. E. Fisher, H. E. Fossey, Oscar Frank, W. E. Hague, J. D. Hartigan, R. B. Heath, A. G. Heunisch, W. F. Hooke, H. Johnson, E. E. Jones, C. E. Lloyd, Jr., A. F. Lawton, E. C. Little, R. I. Lynas, E. H. McCandlish, John McEwing, P. J. Mohr, W. P. Nielson, C. D. Pinkham, G. Purlenky, G. D. Reynolds, H. Robertson, E. W. Rowland, Benj. Romaine, J. D. Ruggles, B. M. Stitch, C. F. Volker, Mark White, M. O. Williams, A. Y. Wood.

CAMP-TENDERS AND MULETEERS: E. H. Baxter, G. S. Pomeroy, J. G. Melvin, Robt. Melvin, E. M. Pomeroy, O. F. Westerfeld, Horace H. Miller, R. D. Holabird.

INDIANS: F. A. Corbusier, A. V. Thompson, Frederick Thompson.

ANGELIC CHOIR: C. A. Case, Easton Kent, E. L. Taylor, H. L. Perry.

SPIRITS OF ART:

MUSIC	W. F. Garby
LITERATURE	J. D. Fletcher
PAINTING	George Leib
SCULPTURE	Paul S. Foster

STAGE DIRECTOR	William H. Smith, Jr.
DIRECTORS OF LIGHTING	Edward J. Duffey Vincent Duffey
COSTUME DESIGNS	L. Maynard Dixon
PROPERTIES	Harry Stuart Fonda Harry P. Carlton
DIRECTOR OF DANCES	F. A. Corbusier
CONDUCTOR	H. J. Stewart
CHORUS MASTER	Uda Waldrop
CONCERT MASTER	J. E. Josephs

GOLD

A Forest Play

TREE-SPIRIT WOODLAND KING SATYR

A FOREST in Central California, near the coast; a wooded hillside is revealed, at its base a grove of giant redwoods. Period, the prehistoric age. It is night, and pale moonlight casts a weird glow upon the scene. A prelude by the orchestra is followed by the appearance of groups of woodland folk, spirits of the trees, brooks and caves, who disport themselves in a ballet characteristic of their free and joyous life in the woods. In this they are joined by a band of satyrs, and the dance is at its wildest when the Woodland King appears suddenly on the hillside. At first the spirits see him not, and he stands there a silent spectator of their revelry; presently, however, he is revealed to them and they gather around him and dance, hailing him with shouts of delight

WOODLAND FOLK

OH-HÉ! Oh-hé! Master, master! Oh-hé!

[*Their merriment, however, fails to meet with response from their ruler, whose mien is of great solemnity. His attitude, at first, provokes jest.*]

A TREE-SPIRIT

How now, dear lord? Thou frownest on our joy!
What mood is this? Wouldst have us chant a dirge?

[*Woodland folk laugh merrily.*]

WOODLAND KING [*gravely but kindly*]

Nay, dance your wildest. Let your joy ring out
Till every tree-top quivers in acclaim
Of unrestrainèd revelry. Laugh on
Till Echo laughs yet louder and the air
Froths with the bubbles of your mirth. The night
Smiles on your sport.

TREE-SPIRIT

Why, then, so serious, lord?
Come, join our play. Do thou its leader be
And we'll make merry till the dawn.

[*Woodland folk noisily acclaim the proposal.*]

KING

Good folk,
My mood but ill accords with merriment.

TREE-SPIRIT [*incredulous*]

O, master, say not so.

KING

Play on, play on,
And heed me not.

TREE-SPIRIT

But, master—

KING

Dance, I say,
While dance you may. For know, my merry folk,
Your time is short to lord it over Earth;
Your race is well-nigh run.

[*As their ears catch these prophetic words, the woodland folk bring their joyous capers to a sudden stop. They look at one another in evident awe.*]

A Brook-Spirit

Our race nigh run?
What means this? Surely 'tis a sorry jest,
If jest it is, our lord would point at us.
But, mark his serious mien! It cannot be—

[*Turning to address the Woodland King*]

Oh, sir, you do affright us! We beseech
You of your grace explain.

King

Alas, good folk,
Did I but jest, my heart were light indeed!

Woodland Folk

Did he but jest? What dreadful words are these?

[*To the King*]

Oh, sir, we do entreat you, tell us all!

[*The King seats himself on a rock, while his folk gather nearer to hear the story.*]

King

Your race, I say, is run. Ere long these woods
Shall look their last upon such peaceful sport
As yours, mere imps of mischief that ye be
And harmless in your playing. Soon this grove
Shall know another presence, soon shall bear
Allegiance to less innocent a folk
Than you, who dwell in air, in trees, in leaves,
In caves, in brooks—your dwellings, as your lives,
Of Nature's fashioning.

[*After a brief pause*]

I tell of Man,
A race of mortals, of gigantic form
And wondrous beauty, that will move and speak
As we, yet, while so far resembling us,
Will be as things apart from aught that you

Or I have ever pictured of our kind.
Has whisper of this reached your ears?

[*Meeting no response save murmurs of curiosity, proceeds*]

Well, know
That such a race will be. Had ye the means
To hold communion with the higher powers
That rule your destinies, your minds might grasp
The portent of this message that I bear.
'Tis of the coming of this being, Man,
To spread and scatter over our domain
And hold and dominate it, so these woods,
These very trees and rocks and streams, shall bear
Him vassalage. And ye, poor wretched imps,
Shall hold no more your undisturbèd sway
O'er all that here surrounds you. Nay, good folk,
For aught I know your very doom is sealed.

[*There is consternation among the woodland folk as these words fall upon their ears. They exchange frightened glances, murmuring.*]

A Satyr [*boldly*]

Your message is of such foreboding, sir,
As 'twere not meet to turn aside from. Yet,
Methinks, you should inform us whence it comes,
What powers omnipotent have so decreed
Our fate. We satyrs are but demi-gods,
Yet, surely, having power these woods to guard
Against all mortal evil?

[*Satyrs murmur approval. Woodland King, rising to his feet, waves them aside.*]

King

Peace, ye fools
That know not what ye say. What madness bids
You fling such boastful utterance at Fate?
Think ye that satyrs made these noble woods,

These stately trees, the Sun that warms, the Moon
That bathes them in a gentle glow? Nay, nay,
Such work is not of woodland folk. The Powers
That rule our universe are higher, far,
Than sylvan demi-gods. It is not given
To penetrate th' inscrutable, nor stay
The hand that shapes the course of Destiny.

[*All are now listening with rapt attention. After a pause the King proceeds.*]

Such Powers have I communed with, they with me,
In virtue of mine office as your King,
This glimpse into the future my reward
For that I craved some guerdon for my faith.
And now behold me, harbinger of ill
To all I hold most dear.

[*King reseats himself.*]

BROOK-SPIRIT

We fain would know
What fashioned thing will be this Man, dear lord,
That soon must oust us from our paradise.
Will he have wings?

[*The King seems about to answer when a Cave-Spirit breaks in.*]

A CAVE-SPIRIT

Belike he will! How else
To reach the tree-tops?

KING [*approvingly*]

Verily, well said.

BROOK-SPIRIT

And limbs like ours?

KING

Why, yes, he needs must walk
And run and dance, or else not live at all.

BROOK-SPIRIT

CAVE-SPIRIT

TREE-SPIRIT

Then, why may he not join with us and be
A fairy, like ourselves?

KING

No, no, my folk,
That were impossible. The Fates decree
The coming of a master race, to rule,
Not play with us.

CAVE-SPIRIT

And so our day is done!
What sin, what folly, must we thus atone?

KING

Nay, question me no more. My heart is dull
With dread foreboding. [*Moves away.*]
Would the Powers but deign
Protection, all might yet be well with us.

[*King, clasping his hands in entreaty, declaims his appeal to the Powers.*]

Hear me, ye Powers of Mystery, whose will
Is Fate, whose aid is ever at our call,
Whose countenance bends trees to us and makes
The brooks to ring their laughter in our ears,
Gods of our universe, unseen, unheard,
Yet ever present, rulers of our lives,
I plead my kingdom's cause! These woodland folk,
Whose mischief is but play, have wrought no wrong;
Shall they be driven hence? Shall this new race
Of mortals overrun our world? If Man
Must be, then grant, O mighty Powers, that he
Become of us, to love and cherish all
We prize so dearly, finding perfect joy
In comradeship with all in Nature's realm;
But let him not a tyrant be; let him
Not cast us from our kingdom!

[*With increasing fervor*]

Hear our cry,
Ye Powers! Give heed! Forfend such sacrilege!
Desert us not who worship you! Give sign
That we may know your presence at our side
Now, as of yore! A sign, dear lords, a sign!—

[*A blinding flash rends the heavens. A loud report is heard, and at a point on the hillside the earth splits open, revealing a cave, the sides of which glow with a golden splendor. The woodland folk scatter in alarm, but presently are recalled by their King who, while evidently deeply moved, betrays no fear.*]

KING [*with deep emotion*]

Behold, our cry is heard!

[*Addresses the woodland folk reprovingly.*]

But, why this fear?
'Tis boundless joy should fill your hearts! Rejoice,
I say, rejoice! Behold your sign! What else
Can mean such tumult from beyond, where dwell
The Powers our prayer invoked? Let all rejoice!
Go, bring the message so conveyed! Fear not,
My folk; no harm can come to you!

[*Thus reassured, the woodland folk rush toward the cave. As they approach, Destiny, a majestic figure, appears at the entrance. Woodland folk fall back.*]

DESTINY

Behold me, messenger of Fate! The Powers
Ye called upon have answered! I am here,
By their command, to give you counsel. Speak!
What would ye know?

KING

Spirit, if such thou art,
We pray thee comfort us. Our hearts are sore
For that a warning from beyond our world

Hath told us of the coming of a race
Of mortals. Spirit, shall this be? Shall Man
Usurp our kingdom?

DESTINY

Man must be. The Fates
Have so decreed.

KING

Will he, then, live with us?
And will he less or greater be? Canst tell?

DESTINY

Nay, Man himself must shape his course on Earth,
His fate his own to choose. Within his grasp
Shall lie the measure of his progress. See!

[*Points to the walls and floor of the cave.*]

KING

What mystery is there? What message this?

DESTINY

Here Earth lays bare a secret long withheld.
This substance, known as gold, shall have the power
To guide Man's course to glory or to grief,
As Good or Evil Impulse shall control
His use of it.

[*Enter the Spirits of Good and Evil Impulse. They take their stand behind Destiny, Good Impulse at left, Evil Impulse at right hand. Evil Impulse gloats and leers, while the demeanor of Good Impulse is tranquil and dignified.*]

KING

Hath gold some subtle charm?

DESTINY

Such charm as impulse may exert, no more.

KING

These impulses are ever present, then?

DESTINY

Both are at hand! Let each speak for himself!

EVIL IMPULSE

I go with every piece of gold. My will
Directs who finds to make good use of it.
Let me your prompter be, good folk, and peace
Shall dwell within your realm for aye.

GOOD IMPULSE

I, too,
Reveal my presence in the gold, but not
For evil purpose, but to stay the hand
That, ill directed, would abuse its power.

EVIL IMPULSE

Heard ye the all-wise counsel? Know ye, then,
That here, at hand, lies answer to your prayer.
See for yourselves!

[*Rushes into the cave and brings out handfuls of golden pieces which he casts upon the ground before the woodland folk.*]

Take what the gods provide!
Its lure shall be your weapon to defend
Your woodland kingdom!

GOOD IMPULSE

Heed him not, good folk!
Beware his influence! Best live your lives
And leave Man's mystery to Man alone!

EVIL IMPULSE

Wherefore, then, did ye pray? What use a sign
From those ye called upon, if so ye fail
To profit by it? Never more the powers
Ye serve shall hearken to your cry if Fear
Shall conquer Faith!

DESTINY

These warring impulses
Shall strive for mastery within Man's soul,
And fierce shall be the struggle; but when Man
Shall rise up in his might and cast from him
All lust for gold in that it represents
But fruitless vanities, content to use
Its power for nobler ends, then Man shall know
Himself.
And now, enough! The spoken word
Hath given you insight into what shall be.
A summons calls us hence! Away, away!

[*Destiny and the Impulses withdraw into the cave. The woodland folk stand awe-inspired. Their King is the first to recover himself and, stepping to where the gold lies scattered on the ground, picks up a fragment.*]

KING [*musingly*]

Here may we find the answer to our prayer,
The weapon sought to wield against the foe
That comes to rob us of our paradise.

TREE-SPIRIT [*protesting*]

Master, beware! Harbor not vengeful thoughts
At such a time as this! It bodes not well
To hurl defiance at the Fates!

SATYR

Hear me,
Dear lord. Before us lies the golden lure
That's destined to make havoc of Man's soul;
Let's take this message as 'twas sent and make
Good use of it.

TREE-SPIRIT

No, I beseech you, no!
'Tis Evil prompts you now! The very lure

You set for others may ensnare us all
And work our ruin!

SATYR

Why, what talk is this?
No Evil Spirit enters here.

TREE-SPIRIT

Unseen,
This Evil One, yet lurks he by your side,
His leering countenance aflame with rage
To force you to his will, the demon Fear
His vile accomplice. He would have you tear
Your very souls asunder in a cause
Unjust as foolish, lost before begun!

SATYR

Let not such fearful counsel move you, lord;
The Powers have spoken; 'tis for us to heed!

[*The King signifies his approval of this suggestion.*]

KING

My trusty folk, what Earth hath yielded, Earth
Shall nurture to a greater yielding still.
The seed is here for sowing. Sow it, then,
Where bounteous harvest may be well assured.
All Nature shall acclaim this day!

[*The King motions to where the golden treasure lies. The woodland folk start to gather it, when the Tree-Spirit again protests.*]

TREE-SPIRIT

Alas,
Poor, simple woodland folk, what would ye do?

KING [*angrily*]

They do my will! Do you, a subject, dare
To question it? Begone!

[*Tree-Spirit moves off stage. King addresses his waiting subjects.*]

Why loiter ye,
My folk? Go, do my bidding!

[*Woodland folk gather handfuls of the gold and scatter in all directions. The King occupies the stage alone.*] So, 'tis well;
And now the seed thus sown shall multiply
And every impulse so engendered grow
A thousandfold, to spread and spread again.
Stouter the spirit, stouter yet the will
For good or evil, as the Fates may choose;
So may these impulses, whate'er they be,
Lay such fierce hold upon the tyrant, Man,
As to disrupt his very being, turn
His substance into shadow. Then, indeed,
May power be ours to guard our heritage
From tyrants all!

The stage darkens. A flash of lightning reveals the Woodland King standing alone with arms uplifted; then a moment later a roll of thunder is heard, followed by two lightning flashes which show the hillside entirely deserted.

INTERMEZZO

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PASSING FROM NIGHT INTO DAWN AND ON TO THE FULL GLORY OF DAY.

EVIL IMPULSE DESTINY GOOD IMPULSE

THE SCENE is the same as in the prologue. Centuries have elapsed; period, the latter part of the eighteenth century. There is a brief pause at the conclusion of the intermezzo, then the motif changes and the play opens with the entrance of a group of native Indians. They are out hunting; one has killed a deer and the carcass is borne in triumph. The Indians, in merry mood, are celebrating the success of the chase when, suddenly, the blare of trumpets is heard in the distance. The Indians scatter in alarm. Presently the trumpets sound again, and at the summit of the hillside is revealed the Comandante. He is accompanied by the Friar Superior and followed by the soldiers of his expedition. Mingling with these is a group of friars of the Franciscan order, one carrying a large wooden cross; camp-tenders with pack-mules bring up the rear. They wend their way slowly down the hillside to the spirited strains of a march. On arrival at the bottom of the hill the soldiers join in a song of cheer

SOLDIERS

FOR Spain and Glory, God and King,
Through desert drear and forest wild
We onward march and onward bring
Hispania's greeting to her child—
Hail, Alta California!

Behold our country's flag unfurled!
Here spreads a Western Empire
To glory Spain before the world!

Let trumpets blare and voices ring
For Spain and Glory, God and King!

One nation frowns across the seas,
Another threatens border-line;
But Spain confronts her enemies
As guardian of a trust divine!
Hail, Alta California!
Behold, our country's flag unfurled!
Here spreads a Western Empire
To glory Spain before the world!

Let trumpets blare and voices ring
For Spain and Glory, God and King!

[*During the singing the Comandante and the Friar Superior stand apart from the others.*]

THE COMANDANTE [*looking about him*]

A noble spot, good father!

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR

Truly so,
My son.

COMANDANTE

Dame Nature hath been generous
To all this Western land, but surely more
Than lavish here.

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*sententiously*]

Say, rather, God, my son;
For Nature but obeys His law.

COMANDANTE [*with amused good-humor*]

Nay, nay,
Good priest, I am not wanting in respect
Or reverence for Him who made our world;

I do but yield to Nature her small due
For this fair sample of her industry.
How sweet this Grove! Mark you these stately trees,
Grim records of the ages that have past
Since first their roots laid hold upon the ground
To shoot slim saplings skyward. See, they stand
Encircling us with grave, straight columns, like
Some old cathedral.

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Truly said. They seem
To bend their limbs to us in blessing, while
Their leaves waft fragrant incense all around.

COMANDANTE [*rousing himself as from a reverie*]

This peaceful stillness moves to sentiment
And thoughts that wander far.

[*Turning to his soldiers*]

Hear me, my men;
The journey hath been hard today; this place
Invites, so let us lie within its shade
Until tomorrow's sun. Go, gather wood
For fires, and let who boast the hunter's craft
Find game to fill the cooking-pot. Full pot,
Full belly that, with slumber's help, gives strength
Against the hardships of the trail. But, stay—

[*Addressing the Friar Superior*]

Your blessing, Father, on our resting-place.

[*All assume reverent attitudes as the Friar Superior, standing erect, turns in a half circle and with uplifted arm gives the blessing. Then the friars, unaccompanied, chant an "Ave Maria."*]

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus
Fructus ventris tui Jesus. Sancta Maria,
Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc
Et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

[*At the close of the chant the Friar Superior, who has been standing directly in front of the cross, turns to the audience and intones.*]

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Dominus vobiscum.

OMNES

Et cum spiritu tuo.

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Benedicamus Domino.

OMNES

Deo Gratias.

[*Soldiers go off stage in various directions upon the several duties assigned them. Camp-tenders bustle about preparing for the night's bivouac. At a point on the hillside, the friars plant the cross and build an altar which they cover with a rich cloth. The Friar Superior joins the Comandante, who summons his Lieutenant and Sergeant to a conference down stage.*]

COMANDANTE

We near the goal, my friends. Another day
Should end our journey.

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*piously*]

Praisèd be the Lord
That He hath held us safe upon our way.

COMANDANTE [*reverently assenting*]

All praise be His. Without His gracious aid
Our lot were hard indeed. No puny task
The noble Viceroy set us, by command
Of His most Catholic Majesty, our King,
Whom Saints preserve. Thrice have I made the ford
Of swollen Colorado, thrice the vast,

Inhospitable desert crossed, each step
Defying ravages of hunger, thirst,
Cold, sickness, hostile Gentiles, all the ills
And perils the explorer needs must face.
But now, it seems, the end is near at hand,
The goal all but in sight.

[*As he pauses the Lieutenant interrupts.*]

THE LIEUTENANT

Your pardon, sir,
But I am young in service and the thrill
Of romance stirs my corselet and gives zest
To sternest duty. Will you not relate
Your perilous adventure?

THE SERGEANT [*stepping forward*]

I, too, sir,
If I may make so free, would crave to know
The why and wherefore of our journeying.
Plain soldier I, knowing enough to go
Where told and when, and ask no questions; yet
I, too, have braved the dangers of the trail
These many hundred leagues, and now the end
Is come, I'm told, and still I know no more
Than when I left Tubac. 'Tis understood,
Of course, that we're to hoist the flag of Spain
And tell the world we're here and here to stay;
But why such hurry? This new land of ours
Won't run away; it's stood two hundred years
Since first Cabrillo claimed it; that I know.
Methinks it might as well just linger on
Another century or so without
Much danger to the cause of Spain. But, lo,
Some word mysterious and out we turn;
Build forts and missions up and down the coast;
Cover the desert with our tracks; and now

We're heading for the river, arm, or gulf,
Whate'er it is, that lies up yonder.
[*Pointing northward*]
Why,
Good gentlemen, this wild excitement?

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*sternly*]

How,
Bold soldier? Hold you, then, of no account
The saving of a host of darkened souls?
Your forts protect while missions spread the Word
Among the heathen ignorant, who know
No law but Instinct, serve no God but Fear.

COMANDANTE

Forgive him, father. 'Twas the soldier spoke
In him, with all a soldier's heedlessness.

SERGEANT [*abashed, drops on one knee*]

I crave your pardon, Father.

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Nay, my son,
Kneel not to me. You did but speak the thoughts
That stirred your soldier's heart. The fault was mine
That I rebuked you, knowing what you were,
A soldier, not a priest.
[*The Sergeant rises and moves away.*]

COMANDANTE

A brave one, too,
And loyal. [*Calls him back*]
Here, good Juan! You fain would know
What purpose lies behind our journeying?
Well, listen and be wise. The Briton scowls,
The Muscovite encroaches; and our King
Takes warning by such signs and moves to meet
The issue. Stern necessity demands
We occupy this long-neglected coast

And wave our country's banner to the world
As sign that Spain stands ready to protect
Her realm from insult or invading host.

LIEUTENANT [*enthusiastically*]

O, 'tis a noble work! And you, sir, you
Have borne the heavy burden and will reap
The glorious reward!

COMANDANTE [*smiling*]

Your zeal, Jose,
Beclouds your memory. Right well you know
That I but follow paths that others hewed.

LIEUTENANT

Yet none claims your achievement.

COMANDANTE

True, I found
The Royal Highway, joining south to north,
Province to province, in communion,
Linking our Christian missions in a chain
Of open travel. There a cherished dream
I realized, and in my fervor praised
The Lord of Armies.

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Praise His name!

OMNES

Amen.

[*Some soldiers are seen returning, laden with wood and game.*]

LIEUTENANT

How holds our King the native tribes that swarm
The length and breadth of these his provinces?

COMANDANTE

He bids us hold them brothers. In his creed
One God created all men, as the sky,

THE FRIAR SUPERIOR THE COMANDANTE JOVIAL FRIAR

The Sun, the Moon, the stars, the universe;
And all men are akin within these realms,
All subjects of the King and serving God,
The King's one master. So His Majesty
Commends our Gentile brethren to our care,
To visit them and give them peace.

FRIAR SUPERIOR

While I
And others of my order bear the cross
Where starving souls are to be won to Christ.
Abundant harvest, surely, should reward
Our apostolic zeal.

LIEUTENANT

And now, it seems,
We near our journey's end.

COMANDANTE

Yes, surely so;
My knowledge tells me that from yonder peak
Lying to northward we should sight the gulf
That splits the land at entrance to the port
Of San Francisco. There our journey ends.
Our fort shall overlook those waters, and
In some sweet, peaceful valley near at hand
Our mission bell shall summon worshippers.
Jose, your work lies there.

LIEUTENANT [*joyfully*]

O, say you so?

COMANDANTE

'Tis you shall found both fort and mission. You
Shall take command and live to glorify
The name of San Francisco de Asis.
Come, follow me while yet there's light. Perchance
From yonder peak we may espy our goal.

[*Observing that the Sergeant appears ill at ease*]

Why, Juan, what trouble lines your countenance?

SERGEANT

Our men are growing restless, sir. They've heard
And read in books about this Western land,
How it's an island and inhabited
By black-skinned women, and abounds in gold
And precious stones. [*After a pause*]
I tell them 'tisn't so,
But they, they won't believe me.

LIEUTENANT [*impulsively*]
Fools, they know
This is no island. As for women, none
Have seen the kind they seek. 'Tis all a tale
Of purest fiction.

COMANDANTE

'Tis the gold that sinks
Most deep into their thoughts, I fear, Jose.
[*To the Sergeant*]
Good Juan, I charge you, laugh these men to scorn;
Tell them of glory; promise rich rewards;
Say or do anything to turn their hearts
Aside from mischief. Go!

[*The Sergeant obeys. The Comandante turns to the Father Superior.*]

I feared but this!

[*Paces up and down in great agitation. Then turning to his Lieutenant.*]

Jose, time presses. We must on. So, come;
Take men to bear us torches. Daylight wanes,
So we must do our scouting now, at once.

[*Turning to leave, addresses the Father Superior.*]

Good Father, pray our safe return.

[*The Comandante and his Lieutenant start up the hillside. The Lieutenant calls two soldiers to his side, and they follow. The Friar Superior is left standing in the centre of the stage, in an attitude of deep reflection. He goes directly to the cross and, with uplifted hands, appeals to Heaven.*]

FRIAR SUPERIOR

What awful danger threatens? Can it be
That now, upon the very eve of victory,
This curse, this dreaded curse, the lust for gold,
Shall raise a hideous spectre in our midst
To rend our souls apart and stupefy
Our senses, so that we become as beasts
And sink our manhood in a bestial strife?
Eternal Spirit, hold thy children safe!
Let not disaster through this curse of gold
Descend upon them and their sacred cause!
O, hear our prayer! Thy Holy Church appeals
To Thee for succor in its hour of need!

[*As the Friar Superior concludes, a voice is heard.*]

VOICE

Take heart! The hour of strife approaches, yet
Be comforted! 'Tis written Man shall kneel
Before this golden image, shall debase
His soul in madness for its splendor; but
At darkest hour, when all seems chaos, when
Dire ruin threatens, do thou cry aloud
And answer shall be given thee. Take heart!

[*The Friar Superior stands transfixed in amazement for a moment. Then, raising his hands on high, his countenance beaming with ecstasy, he moves off stage.*

[*More soldiers return from their hunting. The afternoon wears on. Bivouac fires are built*

by the camp-tenders and the evening meal is started in a large cooking-pot. The friars occupy quarters apart from the soldiers. Three friars start a game of quoits with horseshoes, while others look on. It is the hour of general recreation. The soldiers, for the most part, assume lounging attitudes and amuse themselves in various ways, some at dice, some at cards. Six soldiers detach themselves from the others and coming down stage engage in earnest conversation.]

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, what's in store for us? What rich rewards
Await us yonder?

SECOND SOLDIER

Just such rich rewards
As we deserve, who toil and slave for naught
But common soldiers' portion.

FIRST SOLDIER [*in a bantering tone*]

How, my friend,
Have fame and glory lost their charm for you?

SECOND SOLDIER

What use is glory when one's youth is spent
And limbs drag wearily? 'Twas not for that
I donned my soldier's corselet and set out
Across the desert; no, I dreamed of better things.

THIRD SOLDIER [*laughing*]

A dream of conquest, women, wealth and power;
Eh, soldier, eh?

SECOND SOLDIER [*hotly*]

And if I did?

FIRST SOLDIER

Come, come,
We're wasting time in banter. None of us

But sees through toil and danger some reward
To make his toil and danger worth the while.
So now, what say you? Shall we strike a blow
For freedom?

THIRD SOLDIER

Meaning—?

FIRST SOLDIER [*motioning to the others to draw near*]

Meaning this, my friends;
The books proclaim this land a treasure-vault,
Charged to the mouth with gold and precious stones;
The wealth of ages.

FOURTH SOLDIER

Women, too, 'tis said;
Black as the night but beauteous as the stars.

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, women, if you like. No land's so poor
But holds attractions for the amorous. But gold
Is what concerns us most.

FIFTH SOLDIER

Where is this gold?
Mine eyes have not beheld a trace of it.

FIRST SOLDIER

There's something tells me we shall find it soon;
I seem to scent it, like a hound whose nose
Assists his eyes to good advantage. Men,
Once find this treasure, then away with fame
And all such foolishness.

SIXTH SOLDIER

Our leader, though?

FIRST SOLDIER

Naught but ambition stirs his martial soul;
He's for his country's glory, first and last;
Expect no aid from him.

SIXTH SOLDIER

But does he know?

FIRST SOLDIER

I'll swear he does. I feel it in my bones
That he and others know that what we seek
Is near at hand. But he hath held his peace;
Afraid, no doubt, for his beloved venture.

THIRD SOLDIER

He'd surely not deny a soldier's right
To spoils of soldier's enterprise? D'ye think
He'd not consent?

FIRST SOLDIER [*dropping his voice to a cautious whisper*]

Consent? What matters it?
Once find the gold, and we can say "Go, hang,
"You and your glory!"

[*After a pause*]

Should he combat us
It shall go hard with him.

SECOND SOLDIER

You'd mutiny?

FIRST SOLDIER

Aye, if you call it so. Before I'd stand
To turn my back on such a chance as this,
I'd kill! Yes, kill!

[*Soldiers look at one another in awe. First Soldier notices Sergeant approaching.*]

No more of this just now.
Await events; they'll happen fast enough
For all of us, or I'm a fool. Lie low,
Lie low—

[*Laughter and shouts from the soldiers on the hillside. A Young Soldier steps forward and sings.*]

SOLDIER'S SONG

Know ye the maiden of sunny Castile?
Hair black as night,
Eyes starry bright,
Rosy-red lips that when parted reveal
Teeth pearly white,
Smiles that invite;
Rich jewels shining,
Soft arms entwining,
Matchless form swaying in dance's mad fling;
Gay colors flashing,
Castanets clashing,
Maid of Castile, to your glory I sing!

Hear us, fair maid, as your grace we entreat!
Sons of Castile,
Proudly we kneel,
Noble and peasant, alike, at your feet;
Hold you divine,
Toast you in wine,
Pledge you devotion
Deep as the ocean,
Fight for your favor with knighthood's true zeal;
Sigh for you madly,
Die for you gladly,
Queen of the world is our maid of Castile!

[*As the song concludes, two soldiers rush in, dragging an Indian between them. They are much excited. The Indian is trembling with fear. The soldiers around the camp are too engrossed in the song to notice them, but the Sergeant observes them, and, under cover of the applause which greets the conclusion of the song, comes forward.*]

SERGEANT

What have we here?

SOLDIER THE SERGEANT MUTINEER

THE TWO SOLDIERS [*breathlessly*]

Good news, great, glorious news!

SERGEANT

What call ye news? Yon wretched, trembling waif—
Where found ye him? He hath an abject look,
As one in fear. Is he your glorious news?

ONE SOLDIER

When you have heard our tidings, Sergeant Juan,
You'll pipe another tune. You'll bless the hour
We fell upon this savage in the woods.
We're rich! I tell you, rich!

SERGEANT [*in a puzzled tone*]

How, rich?

SOLDIER [*excitedly*]

Yes, rich!
You, I, and all of us!

SERGEANT [*testily*]

Quit raving, fool,
And speak.

[*Attention of conspirators is attracted. They draw near.*]

SOLDIER

I'm raving, am I? Well, methinks
You'll rave yourself directly. All around
These woods are riches for the gathering,
Riches untold! 'Tis gold, bright, shining gold!
The mountains teem with it, the river-beds;
The very spot we're standing on may hide
Enough to stock a galleon!

[*The Sergeant appears startled and makes a motion as though to check the torrent of words that flow from the excited Soldier. Recovering himself, he bursts into a hearty laugh and slaps the Soldier on the back.*]

SERGEANT

Come, let us have the story.

SOLDIER

This poor waif,
You call him, proves your benefactor, for
Through him the glorious tidings came to us.
We fell upon him skulking in the woods
And took him captive. He was far too scared
To even try to flee from us, much less
Show fight. No weapons bore he, but a belt
Girdled his loins and this we took from him.
Concealed therein we found—look for yourselves!

[*As he speaks the Soldier exhibits a handful of gold nuggets. The others crowd in closer.*]

OMNES

Gold, surely gold!

SOLDIER

Ay, comrades, gold it is.
And where that comes from stores on stores abound!

SERGEANT

How know you this?

SOLDIER [*pointing to the Indian*]

By talk I had with him.

SERGEANT

You speak his tongue?

SOLDIER

No, sergeant, nor he mine;
But signs are sometimes eloquent enough.
Try him yourself.

[*Thus adjured, the Sergeant exhibits the nuggets to the Indian, and by signs inquires if such are to be found nearby. The Indian nods*

intelligently and spreads out his arms in response, taking in all points of the compass.]

SERGEANT [*aside*]

This cursed savage knows
Enough to set the camp ablaze. The men
Already murmur. Once the lust for gold
Gets in their bones, good-bye to everything;
We might as well give up.

[*Aloud*]

A wondrous tale,
Upon my soul. More wondrous still, if true.

[*Calling to the soldiers on the hillside*]

Comrades, the hour is late, and belly cries
For food. Let's eat, let's eat. Ha, ha!

[*Pointing to a stout Friar recumbent under a tree.*]

There's one
Who answers to the call right readily.

[*Moves away from the group in the direction of camp. A chorus of laughter greets the Friar as he sits up and rubs his eyes.*]

FRIAR

Such pleasant dreams; 'twas shame to waken me.
Or was it Nature's summons? Like enough;
I'm hungry, and I smell good, luscious food.

[*Sings*]

SONG OF THE FRIAR

What fragrant odors meet my nose
To rouse me from my sweet repose?
They're not of Araby, nor yet
Of Flora's kingdom, I dare bet.
For well I know what penetrates
The atmosphere and me elates,
So that I feel a welcome glow

Pervade my being, top to toe;
No perfume e'er my senses wooed
So well as that of luscious food!

And to eat, Ha, ha! of good meat, Ha, ha!
Is a friar's best occupation;
For, the belly to fill is to cure every ill
That threatens the soul's damnation!

Let lover pipe his mournful lay;
Let drunkard in his cellar bray;
Let monk go empty, if he will;
They're naught to me, I eat my fill!
No stern ascetic I, to fast
Till all desire for food is past;
I bless the day when cooks were born
And pity stomach so forlorn
As cannot bear its weight of meat;
Give me to eat! Give me to eat!

For, to eat, Ha, ha! of good meat, Ha, ha!
Is a pious man's recreation;
Let him fast who will, the belly to fill
Best fits the soul for salvation!

[*The refrain is taken up by soldiers who have been cooking and are armed with various utensils which they use to beat time to the music. At the conclusion of the song they gather around the Jovial Friar, laughing and applauding, and lead him to the cooking-pot. The other friars follow in more sedate fashion. Meanwhile, there is increased agitation on the part of the group of malcontents. Others are attracted to them. Sergeant Juan, seeing that matters are becoming serious, breaks into the gathering.*]

SERGEANT

Now, what's ado?
What ails you, comrades? Is this mutiny,

Or what? 'Tis but a moment since ye sang
And danced and laughed like happy children; now
Ye look like devils. What's it all about?

FIRST SOLDIER [*boldly*]

You mentioned mutiny; well, call it so.

SERGEANT

You mean—

FIRST SOLDIER

I mean just this—you've lied to us.

SERGEANT [*angrily starting forward*]

How, damn you, lied, you say?

FIRST SOLDIER [*heatedly*]

Ay, lied, I said;
And here's the proof! [*pointing to the Indian*]

[*By this time all on the hillside, soldiers and friars, attracted by the hubbub, have gathered round the disputants.*]

This heathen hath betrayed
What you, old cunning fox, would hide from us
And so would rob us of our recompense
For all the hardships we have undergone
And dangers braved for you. This very day
We talked with you, recounting what we'd heard
About the treasures of this Western land,
Of gold and precious stones; and you, you sneered—
To put us off the scent, of course—and swore
'Twas all an old wives' tale. And now you're caught,
Caught in your miserable lie!

[*Loud murmurs from the throng. The Sergeant makes a step forward, but is held back.*]

There's gold,
Ay, gold galore, all round about, each foot
Of earth a treasure spot!

[*To his companions who are now crowding in excitedly*]

What say ye, men,
To this fair promise? Shall we stay content
With soldiers' fare the balance of our lives,
When at our very feet there's rich, red gold
Just waiting to be gathered? Speak, men, speak,
Speak out your will! Choose now your fate, to toil
For empty glory, or to lie at ease
In lap of luxury, the world your slave,
Your gold a talisman, your every whim
A law, a law to be obeyed!
Oh, think,
Think what it means, to cast from you the yoke
Of slavery for ever and to live
As princes of the earth! Come, now's the time
For action—which of you will follow me?

SOLDIERS [*in loud acclaim*]

All, all of us! Lead on, we follow!

[*First Soldier and his followers turn to go off stage. But as the throng moves the Friar Superior, who has entered during the dispute, steps forward and raises his right hand in warning.*]

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Hold!
Take warning ere ye move one step! The Church,
The Holy Church commands you, hold!

[*His earnestness causes a halt, and for a moment the soldiers stand irresolute. But the Chief Agitator, unafraid, boldly faces the Friar Superior.*]

FIRST SOLDIER

How now,
What means this interference, worthy friar?
What law of God or man do we transgress
That you invoke the Church?

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*earnestly*]

I bid you pause,
If only for a moment. Pause, reflect
Ere one false step ye take. An evil spell
Hath fallen on you! 'Tis a spell accursed!
Beware the golden tempter! From his wiles
Our good St. Francis spent his life to shield
His followers. And ye, my soldiers brave,
Would turn your backs upon your patron Saint
At evil's prompting? No, it shall not be!
Your faith, your loyalty, your manhood, cry
A shame upon you!

FIRST SOLDIER [*sharply*]

Come, my comrades, come;
We've talked enough, now let us act.

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*in last entreaty*]

But, wait!
Your leader is not here! Ye would not leave
Without his knowledge? He will soon return;
Abide his coming, like good men and true.

FIRST SOLDIER [*sternly*]

Who choose to stay, may do so. I do not.
Comrades, we're wasting precious time.

[*The Friar Superior raises his hand to Heaven in mute appeal. As the soldiers turn once more to go off stage, the Sergeant, drawing his sword, places himself between them and the path.*]

SERGEANT

Not yet!
Across my prostrate body ye shall go,
Not otherwise!

[*But the blood of the soldiers is up and they speedily rush upon the Sergeant and disarm him. In surging mass they pour off the stage, bearing the Sergeant along with them.*]

CAMP-TENDER

INDIAN

MULETEER

SOLDIERS

On, on to find the gold!

[*The Friar Superior, alone left behind, casts himself on his knees before the cross. There is complete stillness for some moments. Suddenly, the Comandante and his escort are observed returning. The Comandante, in the uncertain light not observing that the camp is deserted, speaks from the upper stage.*]

COMANDANTE [*ecstatically*]

Eureka! Give me joy, my friends! The goal
Is all but won! Just now I looked upon
The gulf that marks the entrance to our port
Of San Francisco. North of here it lies,
A bare day's journey. In the background looms
The noble peak our patron Saint hath blessed
As guardian of those waters. There beyond
Lies Point Los Reyes Vizcaino named
So aptly from the Day of Holy Kings
On which he first beheld it. So I found
Each landmark as 'twas pictured to my mind.
And now the flag of Spain—

[*The Comandante halts abruptly, for the first time conscious that something is amiss. He looks about him.*]

But what's amiss?
Where are the men? Our soldiers, friars, all
Are gone! The camp's deserted!

[*Sees the Friar Superior, who has risen from his knees and is moving toward him.*]

Father, say,
What means this? Why, your countenance is grave
And pale as death! What's happened? Speak, I say!

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*his head bowed in grief and throwing out his hands in gesture of despair*]

The worst, my son.

COMANDANTE

'Tis as we feared, then?

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Aye;
The cursèd spell we feared, the spell of gold,
Hath come upon them like an avalanche
And swept them from our side. And now they're gone,
Maddened with greed, to tear from Mother Earth
Her golden secret. Fools, they think that Wealth
Means more than Life to them.

COMANDANTE

Yes, fools indeed;
But let such folly once possess their souls
And fools have power to work more ill than knaves.
So, now the blow hath fallen. On the eve
Of glorious achievement, with the goal
At hand, this blight is sent to frost our hopes
And wither all ambition.

[*The Comandante walks to one side, his attitude one of utter dejection. The Friar Superior goes to him and lays a hand upon his shoulder.*]

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Come, my son;
'Tis not a soldier's part to own Despair
His conqueror.

COMANDANTE

No, father, no; and yet
This strange depression—call it what you will—
Controls my very being. Bear with me.

[*Takes his seat upon a rock at side of stage.*]

Almighty Providence, is this the end?
Is such a fate reserved for me and mine
As others met who nobler aims pursued

Than I e'en dreamed of? Is there no reward
For glorious endeavor? Are we all
To perish by the same relentless hand,
A Destiny that looks not into aims
Nor objects, purposes in life, nor men,
But strikes, it would appear, at random and
Destroys at will? Each Book of History
Abounds with instances where Justice strayed
And Man and Enterprise were doomed to death
Without a hearing. Nay, this very coast
Bears witness to Dame Fortune's grim caprice.
Balboa! When thou stood'st on Darien's peak
To gaze upon the boundless Western sea,
Had'st thou foreknowledge of thy hapless fate,
Thy headless corse thy life's memorial?
Cortez! Thou conqueror! What booted thee
To subjugate an empire but to fall
A victim to imperial neglect?
Cabrillo! Thou did'st sail the Western coast
And claim it for thy sovereign, but to leave
Thy bones to bleach upon a desert isle!
Then, Coronado! Thou in princely state
Did'st make thy journeyings; but thou did'st lend
Too ready ear to fables, and thine end
Was that of some poor, wretched derelict!
And so they came and went, these men of iron
Who did and dared. And now my turn is come,
It seems. 'Twas e'en predicted in my youth
That I should fall before this curse of lust,
Of avarice, of evil impulse, all
The harvest from the seed that men call gold;
Is this resistless fate, or shall I fight
For freedom for my manhood, for my soul,
Against the dark oppressor?

[*Voices are heard without and the soldiers rush on the stage, followed by the friars. The soldiers are wildly excited. Each carries handfuls*

of golden nuggets, while the pockets of their jerkins are bulging with treasure.]

FIRST SOLDIER

Here I stop;
No more for me of hardships. Good red gold
I'll carry back with me along the trail,
Across the seas and right to dear old Spain.
The motherland is good enough for me.

SECOND SOLDIER

My wealth to tender purpose I'll devote.
The fairest women shall be mine; I'll choose
From all the beauties at the Court. What's life
When Love is absent?

THIRD SOLDIER

Give me gold for power;
Why fool your life away in idleness
When you can bend a nation to your will?

FOURTH SOLDIER

The hazard of the die's my weakness; now
I'll humor it; with riches back of me
The tide of luck may ebb and flow at will.
My life shall be one dazzling game of chance!

FIFTH SOLDIER

I seem to hear the trickling of the gold
Through fondling fingers. To mine ears it sounds
As music. It shall be my joy to hold
Communion with my riches all alone.

FIRST SOLDIER

A miser, eh? Why, blast you, gold is meant
For spending, not for hoarding. Give your share
To one who'll find a better use for it!

[*As he speaks he advances upon the other, who starting back, lays his hand upon his sword.*]

FIFTH SOLDIER

Take care! This robbery's a game that two
Can play at!

FIRST SOLDIER

Comrades, help me to relieve
This miser of his hoard!

SECOND SOLDIER [*running up*]

Help *you,* indeed!
Why, where do I come in?

THIRD SOLDIER

Here, I'm in this!

FOURTH SOLDIER

And I!

SIXTH SOLDIER

And I!

SEVENTH SOLDIER

And I!

EIGHTH SOLDIER

And I!

NINTH SOLDIER

And I!

[*There ensues a scene of confusion. Weapons are drawn and a skirmish is imminent. The friars, who have gathered round the Father Superior at the cross, turn at the hubbub and start to intervene, but are anticipated by the Comandante, who now steps forward and confronts the unruly throng.*]

COMANDANTE

Hold! Hold, I say! What means this rioting?
Has madness come upon you all?

[*The soldiers halt abruptly at the sound of their leader's voice. Swords are lowered, and all turn facing the Comandante. First Soldier takes a step forward.*]

FIRST SOLDIER

Oh, no;
Not madness; rather the reverse. It means
We've all been blind, but now, at last, we see.

COMANDANTE [*angrily*]

See what, you scoundrel? Dare you thus affront
Your leader?

FIRST SOLDIER [*boldly*]

Leader! Pah! Your leadership
Is over. We are masters now.

COMANDANTE

You dare
To speak such words to me?

FIRST SOLDIER

I dare, and do.
What's more, I speak for all around me.

SERGEANT [*breaking away from the group and placing himself beside his leader*]

No!
Not all, by God! Here's one who'll never side
With mutiny!

A CORPORAL [*following and, in turn, followed by the other Corporal and a group of soldiers*]

And here are others!

[*The two bands face one another menacingly. The Comandante greets his followers with a gesture of appreciation and, stepping forward, addresses the mutineers.*]

COMANDANTE

Men,
One word of solemn warning. Well I know
What evil hath befallen you. The craze
For wealth hath rent your very souls and turned
Brave, honest soldiers into fiends. Is this
Your loyalty to Spain? Where is your pledge
To God and King? Would you desert the cause
So nearly won?

FIRST SOLDIER [*insolently*]

What cause? We know no cause
But that of freedom.

COMANDANTE [*disregarding First Soldier and addressing the others*]

Soldiers, think what means
Desertion at this point! I now appeal
To you as men, as brothers, all of you!
Ambition, glory, riches, power, are naught
When measured side by side with fellowship.
The loving loyalty man bears for man
Outweighs all things material! This without,
Man's mission upon earth were vain indeed!
No cause, however noble in itself,
Can win but men walk hand-in-hand
Along the path that leads to victory.
Comrades, my cause is yours! Come, follow me
Where glory waits. That won, go dig for gold
Till very weight of wealth oppresses you!

[*But the Comandante's appeal is useless. The mutineers stand defiant.*]

FIRST SOLDIER [*impatiently*]

Men, choose your leader now! Or follow him
Or me! Quick, speak your will!

MUTINEERS [*clamorously*]

We follow you!

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LITERATURE

COMANDANTE [*drawing his sword and calling upon his followers*]

Come, then, have at them! They outnumber us,
But right is on our side. For God and King!

HIS FOLLOWERS [*rallying round him with drawn weapons*]

For God and King!

MUTINEERS [*answering*]

For Gold and Liberty!

[*The opposing forces rush together. The friars are gathered at the cross around the Father Superior, who is silently invoking aid from on High. But, just as weapons clash, the Friar Superior, snatching up a cross from the altar and holding it aloft, plunges into the midst of the fray.*]

FRIAR SUPERIOR

Hold! Hold! Almighty Ruler, hear me now!
Out of the depths I cry to thee for aid!
All, all is dark before our eyes! The hand
Of death is on us! Save us, save, O God!

[*The mutineers halt, irresolute. Their leader rails at them.*]

FIRST SOLDIER

What, cowards, men? Do ye, then, stand afraid
At sound of prayer and preaching?

MUTINEERS [*rallying*]

No! Lead on!

[*First Soldier rushes at Friar Superior. At that instant, a voice rings out from the heavens and is heard above the din.*]

VOICE

Peace, mortals! Cease your senseless strife! Give heed!

[*Mutineers fall back. Angelic music is heard and a White-robed Figure is revealed in the sky. Voices are heard in a chant.*]

CHANT

Peace, mortals, peace! Your way lies before you;
Fulfill your destiny, to bring enlightenment
to Earth.
Earth's treasures shall be yours, not for strife
Among you but to aid you in the task decreed by
Fate.
Peace, mortals, peace!

[*Angelic Vision vanishes. Destiny is disclosed on the hillside above the mortal throng.*]

DESTINY

Mortals, ye now behold the evil wrought
By lust for gold. Long ages past this strife
Among you was foreseen. This very Grove
Beheld a conflict. Good and Evil fought
For mastery, and Evil gained the day.
The seed of Evil Impulse then was sown
That Man should reap the harvest. So was war
Declared upon the human race. But now
A mightier Power than aught of Evil guides
Man's mission upon Earth. 'Tis given Man
To choose 'twixt Good and Evil, and the choice
Is unrestrained. No longer Evil rules
By right of conquest. Therefore, if ye seek
Full measure of contentment, joy and peace,
Renounce your gold, in token that ye heed
This message of the Infinite!

[*The soldiers stand for a moment in silent awe, then impulsively cast their gold upon the ground. First Soldier advances to the Friar Superior and casts himself at his feet.*]

FIRST SOLDIER

Father, forgive us. We were craz'd indeed;
But now the clouds are lifted, and we see.

FRIAR SUPERIOR [*his hands uplifted, his countenance radiant with joy*]

O mighty Spirit, thou whom Heav'n hath sent
To minister to mortals here on Earth,
Accept our blessing for thy words of cheer!
On bended knees we render thanks to Him
Whose messenger thou art. Our way lies clear
Before us; now let all give praise to God!

OMNES

His name be praisèd! Glory to His name!

DESTINY

Once rid of Evil Impulse, gold may bear
A blessing, not a curse. For, 'tis decreed
Through Nature's gifts shall this fair Western land
Contribute to a world's enlightenment.
Her gold shall be Man's talisman, to charm
His universe to higher, nobler state
Than Man hath visioned. Nature's offspring, Art,
Shall be his guiding-star, to point the way
To him. Through painter's brush, through sculptor's tool,
Through writer's scroll, through Music's tuneful charm,

[*As these words are spoken, classic figures enter, representing, variously, Music, Letters, Painting, Sculpture. Each carries an urn with a design of the particular branch of Art represented.*]

Shall all the noblest thoughts of Man retain
The impress of their worth. 'Tis Art alone
Shall glorify your world; and Art shall live
Though Man shall die! [*Points to the Spirits of Art.*]

Mortals, give gold to these,
So may its noble purpose be fulfilled.
The seed restored to Earth shall fructify;
Man shall return to gather of its fruit;
And then shall be recalled the prophecy
Of long ago! The dawn of wondrous days
Is nigh; soon shall the veil be torn from eyes
Dimmed with the mist of ages!

[*The soldiers eagerly gather up the gold and pour it into the urns borne by the Spirits of Art.*]

COMANDANTE

Alas, that I,
A soldier and a man, should fail of heart
At Evil's prompting, that a fantasy,
Of superstition born, should dominate
My very soul so that I all but fell
Before its shadow!

[*Addressing Destiny*]

Speak, what punishment
Is mine to suffer for my lack of faith?

DESTINY

Soldier, your way lies yonder. Seek it, then.
You serve both God and King, so falter not,
But render service unto both. That done,
Your fault, if fault there was, hath been atoned.
On to your goal!

COMANDANTE [*waving his sword*]

On to the goal! On, on!

SOLDIERS [*singing*]

On to the goal! The dawn is nigh;
The Star of Hope shines in the sky!

FRIARS [*singing*]

Hail, joyous sign from Heav'n above,
A message of Eternal love!

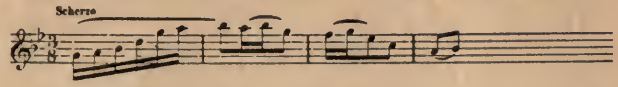
OMNES [*singing*]

Hail! Hail! Hail! Our voices rise in greeting!
Hail to the star that guides us on our way!
Shadows of night before the dawn are fleeting;
Soon shall the Sun reveal the splendor of the day!
On to the goal our eager feet are pressing,
Hearts beating high, our watchword "God and King!"
Angels of Peace our glorious mission blessing,
Out to the world let our song of triumph ring!

Hail, Alta California, our Empire in the West!
Fair land of Destiny, on thee our hopes we rest!
Nations shall honor thee, men thy fame shall sing;
Hail to California, hail! God and King!

As the refrain is sung dawn illumines the sky. At the conclusion of the song of triumph the mortals move in procession up the trail. As they go the heavens brighten intensely, and the entire forest glows with a superb illumination. The woodland folk return to their domain. As the mortals disappear in the distance the illumination dies down, the spirits vanish from the hillside, the music ceases and all is still.

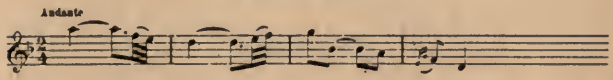
THE Prologue commences with an orchestral prelude, "Elf-land." This is in Scherzo form. After a short introduction the principal theme appears:—



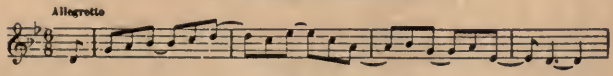
The "Trio" has a quartet for horns:—

The Suite de Ballet, which follows at once on the Prelude, consists of five numbers:—

1. TREE-SPIRITS



2. BROOK-SPIRITS

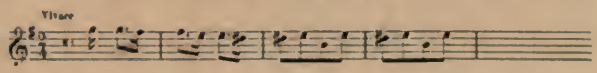


3. CAVE-SPIRITS

4. SATYRS

The groups of dancers appear in the above order, each group remaining on the stage after its dance is concluded.

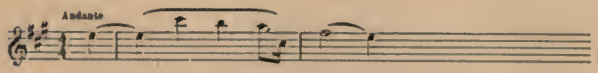
All then unite in an ensemble movement:—



The music accompanying the invocation of the Woodland King is based upon two themes:

(1) the motive of Prayer:—

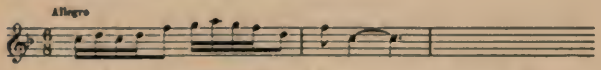
(2) the motive of Love for Humanity:—



At the close of the Prologue there is an orchestral Intermezzo, descriptive of Dawn, and leading by degrees to the full light of day. The first faint glow of dawn is accompanied by the twittering of birds, and presently the main theme appears, played very softly by the trumpet:—

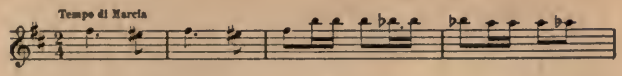
The music grows in intensity as the sunlight develops, and reaches its climax with the full blaze of daylight.

A suggestion of Indian music accompanies the appearance of the Natives:—

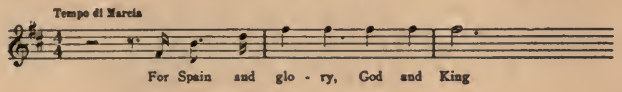


This is interrupted by the march of the Spaniards,

whose trumpets are first heard in the distance. The principal theme of the march is as follows:—

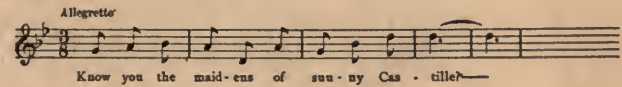


As the exploring party wends its way down the hillside, the music increases in volume, and when all reach the lower stage, the soldiers sing a chorus:—

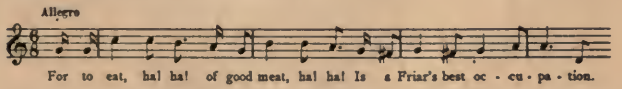


The Friars gather round the Cross, and sing an "Ave Maria." This is entirely without accompaniment, and is followed by some short Versicles and responses, in Gregorian Plain Chant.

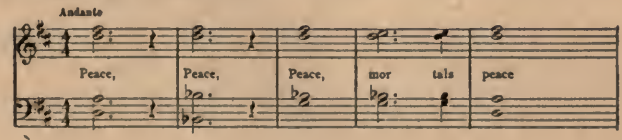
The song of the Spanish soldier, with chorus, in praise of the maids of Castile, is intended to suggest the Seguidilla, an ancient Spanish dance:—



The buffo song of the Hungry Friar, with chorus, has the following refrain:—

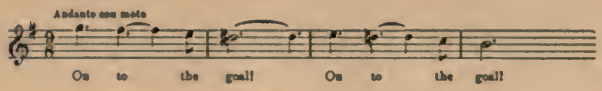


Toward the close of the Play a quartet of Angels is heard in the distance, accompanied very softly by strings and harp:—

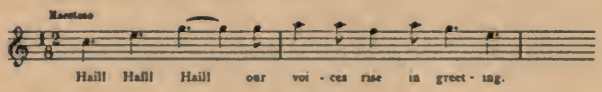


The Finale is for chorus and full orchestra. It is in two movements:

(1) "On to the Goal":—



(2) "Hail! Hail! Hail!"



At the conclusion of the chorus the theme is continued by the orchestra during the illumination of the forest.

H J Stewart

NOTE ON PRECEDING GROVE-PLAYS

THE Grove-play was evolved in 1902 from the Midsummer Jinks, an open-air dramatic and musical entertainment, conducted annually since 1878. Owing to the disaster of April 18, 1906, no Grove-play was produced that year, but, in its place, an expanded form of the traditional ceremony of the "Cremation of Care," for which Charles K. Field wrote the dialogue and lyrics and Humphrey J. Stewart composed the music. Following is the list of preceding Grove-plays, with their authors and composers:

1902, August 16th: THE MAN IN THE FOREST
Charles K. Field, *Author;* Joseph D. Redding, *Composer.*

1903, August 3rd: MONTEZUMA
Louis Robertson, *Author;* Humphrey J. Stewart, *Composer.*

1904, August 20th: THE HAMADRYADS
Will Irwin, *Author;* W. J. McCoy, *Composer.*

1905, August 12th: THE QUEST OF THE GORGON
Newton J. Tharp, *Author;* Theodor Vogt, *Composer.*

1907, July 27th: THE TRIUMPH OF BOHEMIA
George Sterling, *Author;* Edward F. Schneider, *Composer.*

1908, August 8th: THE SONS OF BALDUR
Herman Scheffauer, *Author;* Arthur Weiss, *Composer.*

1909, August 7th: ST. PATRICK AT TARA
H. Morse Stephens, *Author;* Wallace A. Sabin, *Composer.*

1910, August 6th: THE CAVE MAN
Charles K. Field, *Author;* W. J. McCoy, *Composer.*

1911, August 12th: THE GREEN KNIGHT
Porter Garnett, *Author;* Edward G. Stricklen, *Composer.*

1912, August 10th: THE ATONEMENT OF PAN
Joseph D. Redding, *Author;* Henry Hadley, *Composer.*

1913, August 9th: THE FALL OF UG
Rufus Steele, *Author;* Herman Perlet, *Composer.*

1914, August 8th: NEC-NATAMA
J. Wilson Shiels, *Author;* Uda Waldrop, *Composer.*

1915, August 7th: APOLLO
Frank Pixley, *Author;* Edward F. Schneider, *Composer.*

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